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NINEPENCE

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1. HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING HEROES OF THE GREAT BATTLE.
2. TALKING TO MEN WOUNDED DURING THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE.
3. TALKING TO AN OFFICER.
4. TALKING TO SCOTTISH SOLDIERS JUST OUT OF THE LINE.
5. TALKING TO A SOLDIER WOUNDED DURING THE GREAT OFFENSIVE.

THE KING VISITING THE WESTERN FRONT DURING THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE: TALKING TO HIS SOLDIERS.

It was announced on the 1st that the King had again visited the troops at the Front. In a letter to Sir Douglas Haig, written on his return, his Majesty said: "I thus obtained personal testimony to the indomitable courage and unflinching tenacity with which my splendid troops have withstood the supreme effort of the greater part of the enemy's fighting power. I was also fortunate enough to see some units recently withdrawn from the front line, and listened with wonder as officers and men narrated the thrilling incidents

of a week's stubborn fighting. . . . In a large casualty clearing station I realised what can be accomplished by good organisation. . . . The patient cheerfulness of the wounded was only equalled by the care and gentleness of those ministering to their wants. . . . I feel that the whole Empire will join with me in expressing the gratitude due to you and your Army for the skilful, unswerving manner in which this formidable attack has been, and continues to be, dealt with."

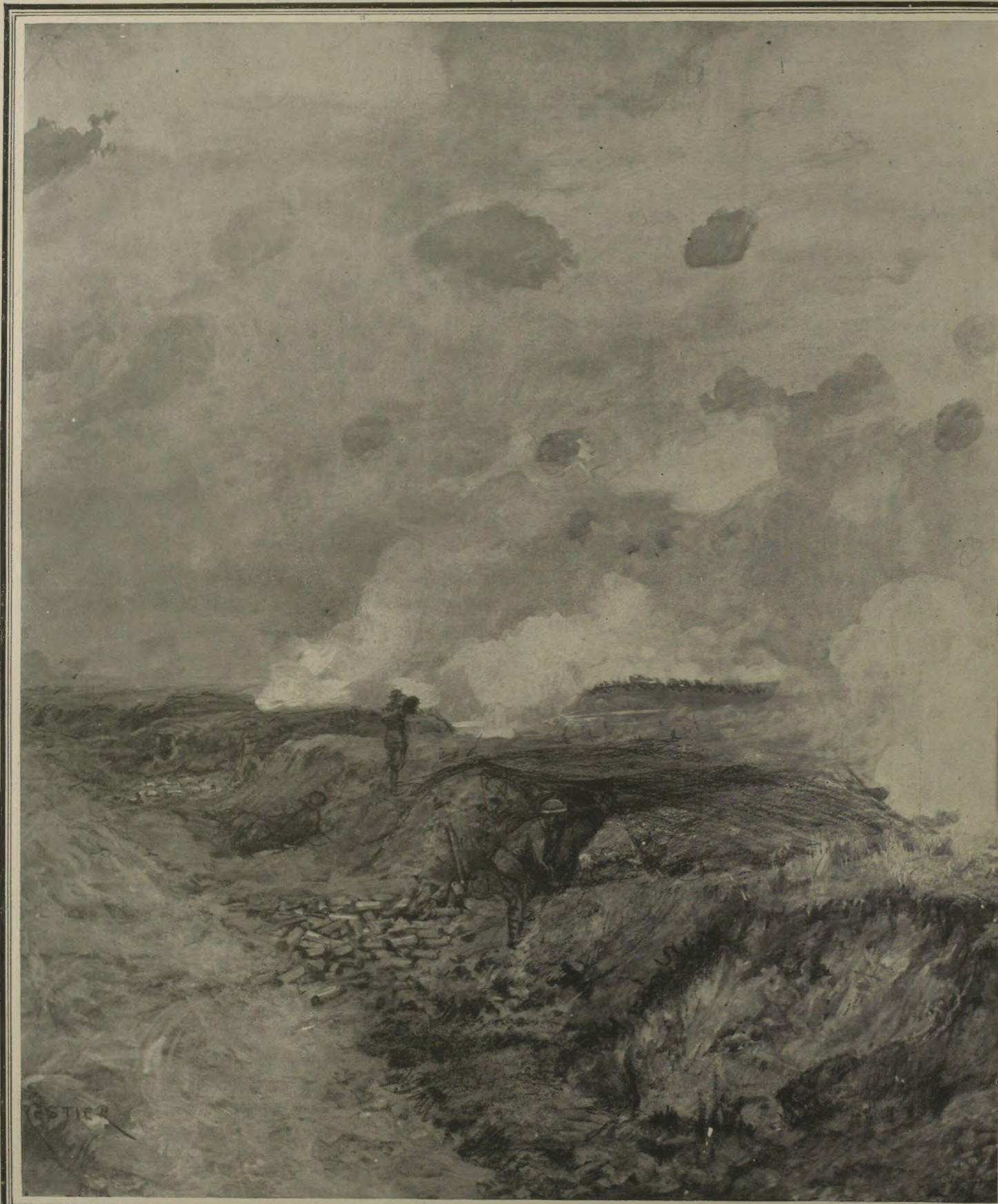
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE GREAT BATTLE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: ADVANCING

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM

GERMAN HORDES MOWN DOWN BY BRITISH ARTILLERY.

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



GUNNERS WITH FUSE O.—FIRING WITH OPEN SIGHTS INTO MASSES OF GERMAN

INFANTRY: OUR GAS-MASKED GUNNERS INFLICT TERRIFIC CASUALTIES ON THE ENEMY.

The German Command has bought such success as it has obtained in the great offensive on the Western Front at a huge sacrifice in men, who have been sent forward in masses, with the usual disregard of life, in full view of our artillery. The above illustration is typical of many such scenes during the great battle, in which the Allied troops have inflicted tremendous losses on the enemy. In the right background the German infantry are seen advancing in close formation, the men firing their rifles from the hip as they come forward. On the left

is a battery of British guns, firing into the crowd at point-blank range with open sights (known militarily as with Fuse O). The British gunners wore their gas-masks, as the enemy's artillery were using many gas-shells. The shelling was terrific, and the ground was strewn with German dead. Every British gun that had eventually to be abandoned first had its breech-block removed by our men, thus rendering it useless to the enemy.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BATTLE NUMBERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By CHARLES LOWE.

IT is computed that the Germans have a total of 192 divisions on the Western Front, that 96 of those units were placed over against the British line, and that no fewer than forty of them were launched against a fifty-mile sector of that line by way of introduction to the "Kaiserschlacht," or battle by which the enemy hoped to decide the war.

But, even assuming an infantry division to consist of 9,000, forty of them would give 360,000, or say 400,000, bayonets, which, with other arms, would bring the figure up to about half-a-million men, or about a fourth of the two million which the Germans are known to have massed on the Western Front. As the Allies—without the Americans, who cannot by this time have much less than 500,000 men in France, though not all perfectly trained—are reckoned to be numerically equal, at least, to the enemy, it follows that there must be about 5,000,000 combatants waiting to take part in the greatest and most decisive conflict of all recorded time.

All other battle-figures are dwarfed by comparison with those stupendous numbers, even when we make allowance for the gross exaggeration which characterises the field-states of most ancient and mediæval fights. Perhaps the "tallest" of those battle-rolls is that given us by Herodotus, the "Father of History"—and of something else besides—who naïvely asks us to believe that the Persian army which Xerxes led across the Dardanelles by his bridge of boats, at the point almost where the Goeben grounded the other day—consisted of no less than 2,641,610 fighting men—

mark the meticulous nature of this figure!—and that it took them seven days and nights to pass over the pontoon, which was extremely good marching.

Roman battle figures are far more trustworthy than those of "Gracia mendax," and Cæsar, in particular, may always be trusted—Cæsar, who, in the course of his wars, must have been the means of sending to their last account some two millions of his fellow men. In his battle alone with the Nervii, near Namur, he slew over 60,000, and the Roman casualty lists never included any "wounded"—the short sword, most deadly of all "weapons of precision," taking care of that. Previously at Cannæ, as Livy tells us, the Carthaginians of Hannibal stretched dead upon the plain from 40,000 to 50,000 Romans. The victor sent three bushels of gold rings as a present to the Carthaginian ladies which he had stripped from the fingers of the Roman knights slain in this fearful battle.

The figures as to ancient and mediæval battles are not always to be trusted, but there can be no doubt that those battles were far bloodier than modern ones, dating, say, from the days of Marlborough, when war-statistics became fairly reliable. Slaughter-lists, in fact, began to grow shorter with the lengthening of the range of fire, a proof that cold steel at close quarters, or even a flintlock at any range under 100 yards, was a far more terrible arm of precision than a repeating rifle at 1000 yards, where it proverbially costs a marksman his own weight in lead to kill an enemy. At Blenheim the total force engaged amounted to 108,000,

of whom 52,000, or nearly a half, were put out of action.

But when we come to the nineteenth century the battle numbers are almost doubled—Marengo, for example, with close on 69,000 combatants; Austerlitz, with 170,000; Jena, with 200,000; Eylau and Friedland, each with about 150,000; Borodino, with 250,000; and last of all, in the Napoleonic wars, Leipzig, the "Völkerschlacht," or "Battle of the Nations," with 480,000—or say 450,000—which was only approached, but not surpassed, more than half a century later at Königgrätz (or Sadowa), when the combatants on both sides totalled some 435,000 to 440,000.

Waterloo, our biggest battle, ran to about 186,000 all told, including the Prussians, and then, too, only about a third of Wellington's army of 67,000 were British. At Inkerman, our next best "soldiers' battle," some 7500 British and 8000 French were opposed to 70,000 Russians. Solferino brought into action about 299,000; while Gettysburg, one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War in America, totalled only some 163,000.

Gravelotte, numerically, was the biggest battle of 1870, with 350,000; while Sedan followed with 240,000 combatants; and Mukden, in Manchuria, was to top the record, thirty-four years later, with 620,000, after the Shaho had previously seen a grapple of some 480,000. And now more than eight times the number of Mukden are engaged in a "murder grim and great" in France and Flanders.

THE PICTURE OF A DEMOCRATIC ARMY.

By E. B. OSBORN.

WAR changes, but the fighting man is unchanged. He is still what he was in Xenophon's "Anabasis," which seems to me the best tale of military adventure that ever was written. Xenophon's style is as bald and prosaic as that of an official communiqué from one of our many fronts. But this simplicity of diction, after all, is common to all the best chronicles of soldiering written by soldiers. You get it in Cæsar's history of the conquest of Gaul, in Froissart's great gallery of mediæval characters and episodes, in Lord Ernest Hamilton's wonderful story of the tragical devotion of our Old Army. Xenophon's soldierly dislike for rhetoric and the habit of introspection really veil a profundity of knowledge of himself and other men which puts him among the deceptive spirits to which Wordsworth refers when he speaks of—

The depth of human souls,
Souls that appear to have no depth at all
To careless eyes.

His tale of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand after the Battle of Cunaxa (which would have been a world-shaking victory for them all, if Cyrus had not fallen) is a moving narrative of war's vicissitudes, thronged with living, breathing characters, both Greek and barbarian. It is also a portrait of the man himself, shrewd, humorous, observant, indefatigable, able to get on well with all sorts of people, and use all changes and chances to further his purpose—as fine a type, in fact, of the Hellenic variant of Dugald Dalgetty as one could wish to meet in a book. The Greek soldier of

fortune is always turning up in unexpected places in the history of the ancient world. He goes to Egypt and carves his name on the legs of huge, sculptured deities; he serves under Nebuchadnezzar. He was the prototype of all the military adventurers—of the "wild geese" of Ireland and of the fighting Scot whose names flash out from every page of European history.

In the far, fair days when I was beginning Greek, I found Xenophon dry and indigestible stuff—but I thank the stern shade of an *Orbilus plagiosus* that I can now read him at my ease with my feet on the fender. It is a story that can never lose its freshness and fascination—how this motley host of mercenaries, each contingent a law to itself, was extricated from the midst of hostile nations; and cities and safely led to the shores of the Black Sea from the vicinity of the mighty Babylon where, if Cyrus had lived, they would have looted and feasted to their hearts' content. They might have become, as Alexander's captains did, the possessors of the Persia of which Cyrus said: "Men, the Empire of my fathers reaches southward to where men cannot live for the heat, and northward to where they cannot live for the cold." As necessity would have it, they were well content who got home to Greece with a whole skin and a few darics for drinks, and a souvenir or two collected from friendly tribesmen such as the Paphlagonians. Their tales, however, must have been good for a meal and a shakedown in the Greek cities, where everybody hankered after hearing something new. The home-keeping citizen's hair

would chatter and his teeth stand on end ('tis an old schoolboy's joke) as their experiences of marching in an Armenian snow-storm were related, and the passage described of the inhospitable hills where the ancestors of the Kurds harassed them and "nothing was warm but savagery," as Tertullian observed. And but for Xenophon, all those wonders and horrors would have been clean forgotten, and a faithful picture lost of the first (but not the last) democratic army.

Discipline, in the modern sense, they had none. Some of their doings recalled the Venetian proverb, "Every five Greeks, six generals." It was surprising how speedily the army would become a revolutionary crowd, and then, as distrust deepened, a murderous mob. They were often on the point of stoning their leaders to death. Xenophon was in danger once, being accused of using personal violence to the men—because in that dreadful march through the blizzard he had compelled some of them by force to get up and keep moving on and save themselves from the white-cold fury of the elements. Xenophon knew how to manage this army in which everybody, leaders and men, were virtually equals. Thus he made it known, when he took charge, that he was always ready to hear suggestions; the men could come to him at breakfast or at dinner, or, if need be, wake him up. His cheery humour (shown in his chaffing bout with Cheirosophos, the Spartan general) was an unfailing antidote to the men's fits of ill-temper, and he kept them well in hand till they saw the sea again—and to a Greek the very sight of blue water was salvation!

THE TAME RABBIT FOR FOOD.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

ONLY a few years ago the wild rabbit, now cheap at two shillings, was held in country districts to be dear at tenpence. Of late, the increase in values, one or two bad breeding seasons, the ravages of stoats, and the persistence of poachers have availed to reduce the wild rabbit very considerably. This is no matter for regret; the hedgerows round our cornfields were a safe harbour from which the rabbit would take a heavy toll of young grain. Now everybody is keeping tame rabbits—one of the Dutch breeds, or a Flemish Giant or Belgian Hare. They are very easy to rear and feed, and will provide wholesome food.

The beginner who starts with one doe in kindle and has but little ingenuity or skill can make a hutch. A sugar-box will serve, with wire-netting and a small door where the lid was. A hole cut in the side of the box can lead to a smaller one that will be used as a breeding-chamber, and must be quite dark. The floor of the hutch should be perforated fairly freely for drainage purposes—this is important. It is no bad idea to tar the floor, and then put down a little litter, chaff, oravings—whatever comes handy. If the rabbit-keeper is anxious to have a really elaborate hutch, he will have a floor of the hutch slatted. While the inner chamber should be darkened, the general living-room of Mrs. Rabbit should catch the sun. When she retires to breed and rear her young, the food should be placed in the main apartment quickly; and the necessary cleaning should not be done more than once weekly, as a breeding rabbit is very sensitive to disturbance. It may be remarked that the wild

rabbit leaves the run or warren at this season, and makes a "stop" for herself in some secluded place. She wishes to be alone, and in the domesticated state the same desire is manifested.

Feeding tame rabbits is a very simple matter, and inexpensive. The familiar cow-parsley from the hedgerows is always welcome, and a carrot with the green top left on is esteemed a luxury. Bran in quite small quantities and a few tea-leaves may be mixed with potatoes boiled and mashed; a little hay should be placed in a rack in the hutch, and renewed daily. The outer leaves of all green stuff with the exception of onions and rhubarb appear to be acceptable; and all the waste of hedgerow and field corner, if cut in late June, carefully made, and then stacked, will serve as winter fodder. A small pot of water so fixed that the doe cannot upset it should be found in every hutch, and the water should be renewed daily. The whole business of successful rabbit-keeping is a matter of cleanliness and care.

For those who have some grass another development may be recommended. The rabbit-hutch should be brought on to the lawn or meadow in fine weather, and a little wire run should be placed against it, or some wire-netting should be pegged round it, leaving ample room for the rabbits to run about, get useful exercise, and enjoy their lives. The only thing to be remembered is that the rabbits must be returned to the security of their hutch by night, and that the hutch itself must be shifted at short intervals. I have tried running rabbits in an orchard that is surrounded

by wire-netting, and it is good to give them exercise in it, but not for long, as they would soon scratch a way out.

In the autumn acorns should be collected and set aside. Rabbits like them, and they appear to be a nourishing food. Indeed, when one considers the difficulty of feeding poultry and the ease with which the wants of the rabbit may be supplied, when we contrast the uncertainty of the egg supply with the certainty of the appearance of young rabbits, it hardly needs a prophet to suggest that in many parts of the country the rabbit may replace the chicken.

Within a year we ought to have a stock of millions of does in this country, for the production of tame rabbits would appear to be in the way of becoming a rural, as well as an urban and suburban industry.

The doe should not be mated before she is six months old, and the buck should be over a year; gestation is a matter of about thirty days. It is necessary to see that the doe has not more babies than she can rear; and, though the little ones will start eating before they are a month old, they should not be removed from the mother before the sixth or seventh week. "Skim" milk with a little bran or pollard and mashed potato is good for the newly weaned babies; before the war one gave them bread-and-milk.

If the young are to be kept they should be separated at three months, the does being put in one hutch and the bucks in another.

DURING THE BATTLE: THE MAN OF THE HOUR; AND NOTABLE EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 2, 6, AND 7 OFFICIAL; NOS. 3 AND 5, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU; NO. 4, STANLEY'S PRESS AGENCY.



TO PREVENT THE ENEMY USING THEM: FRONT-LINE STORES BEING BURNED.



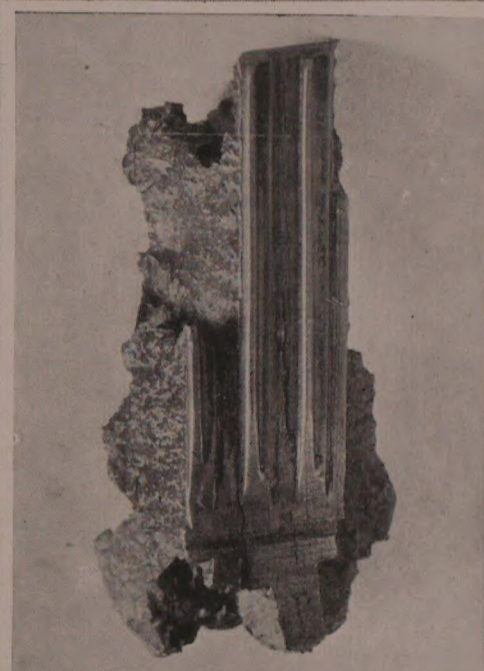
AS THE FRONT LINE DREW BACK STEADILY AND SLOWLY: TEAMS RETIRING PAST A BURNING DUMP.



THE "MYSTERY GUN" SHELL MASSACRE IN A PARIS CHURCH: A SPLINTER AND OUTER GROOVING.



APPOINTED GENERALISSIMO OF THE FRENCH, BRITISH, AMERICAN, AND BELGIAN ARMIES ON THE WESTERN FRONT: GENERAL FOCH.



THE "MYSTERY GUN" SHELL MASSACRE IN A PARIS CHURCH: A SPLINTER AND THE INTERIOR.



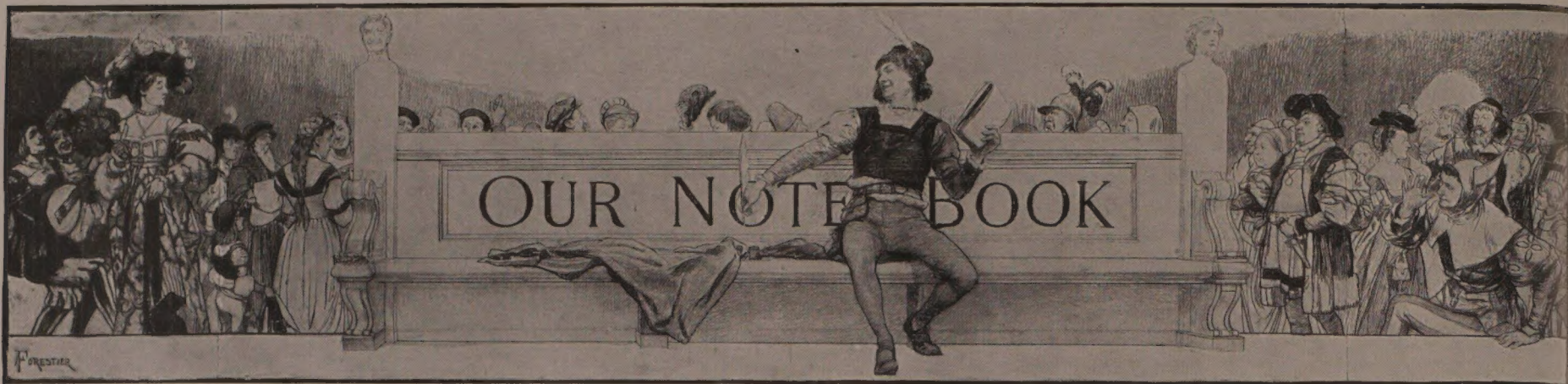
DURING THE GREAT BATTLE: TROOPS HALTING FOR A SHORT WHILE IN A VILLAGE IN REAR, AND TRANSPORTS, ETC., PASSING THROUGH.



BRIGADED DURING THE FIGHTING IN THE GREAT BATTLE WITH THE FRENCH AND BRITISH ARMIES: AN AMERICAN "SAMMY" TAKING UP STORES.

The first two illustrations exemplify the fortune—or misfortune—of war: the abandonment, under stress of circumstances, of war *matériel* along the outpost and first lines held by some of our troops. Under the shock of the enemy's massed onset there was no alternative. It is satisfactory that most of the collected ammunition and stores was destroyed and rendered useless to the Germans.—The third illustration shows an exterior fragment, with its grooved copper biting, of the shell from the German long-range "mystery gun" which massacred the worshippers in a Paris church on Good Friday. The fifth illustration shows a cross-section—a fragment of the shell, showing the thickness of the metal (4 c.m.) and smooth

interior.—The fourth illustration shows General Foch (whose name, it is said, is pronounced "Fosh"). He has, by consent of the British, American, and Belgian Governments, been appointed Generalissimo of the Western Front. Before the war he was acknowledged as a foremost writer on tactics and strategy by Europe. His brilliant and masterly tactics won the Battle of the Marne; and throughout, in addition to commanding armies in the field, he has been the guiding "brain" at French Headquarters. A Lorrainer, a compatriot of Marshal Ney, Napoleon's "Bravest of the Brave," he is sixty-five years of age, but with the physical and mental powers of a man of forty.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AT the time of writing, the armies of the Entente are in orderly retreat, and the critics of the Entente are in disorderly rout. There has been, so far, no decisive Prussian victory; but there has already been a decisive Pacifist defeat. In that intellectual war in the air, like the war in heaven in the epic, which is waged over the heads of the bodily combatants, the cloudy hosts of compromise or cowardice are clearly divided and scattered. The internationalists are all contradicting each other; and more than one internationalist is excitedly contradicting himself. One philosopher is saying that the Bolsheviks were blameless, and ought therefore to be left to their fate; that we ought to have obeyed them when they told us to abandon everything, and that therefore we could not listen to them when they asked us not to abandon them. Another philosopher

is explaining that it is unreasonable to expect the German Socialists to mutiny against the German flag, and that therefore we ought to stake all our hopes on the certainty of their doing so. One says that it was our first duty to follow the Russian Revolution to its last extremes, but not in the least our duty to save it in its last extremity. Another says that the German Socialists must first be pardoned because they are Germans and not Socialists; and must then be trusted because they are Socialists and not Germans. But these are only two random examples, out of all the random inconsistencies to which these inhuman sophists have now been driven. We are to establish a universal League of Nations as our chief and most compelling concern; but the whole of the East of Europe is no concern of ours. It is an instant and practical necessity to disarm everybody; but it is an insane and Utopian vision to think of disarming Prussia. The war will be a vain slaughter if it does not create a new heaven and a new earth; and the war was waged solely and strictly in order to secure a technical retirement from Belgium. It is not the fault of the German people, but only of the German royal family; and it is therefore hopeless and useless to think of ridding them of that family. These, and a hundred more illogicalities, were always potentially present in this confused mass of opinion; but the more practical point has now been reached in which mere confusion has become real division.

It is not now merely the philosopher who is saying two opposite things at once. It is not only within the same mind, or on the same mouth, that we find the remarkable word which is compounded of yes and no. Some are finding consistency in conflict; are dividing into groups representing the divergent policies; and may even come to criticising each other, almost as freely as they have criticised the right of free nations to defend themselves against aggression. There is visibly forming, for instance, a rather dismal diplomatic group round aristocrats and antiquated Conservatives like Lord Lansdowne, from which intellectuals like the editor of the *Nation*, loth to lose his whole Tolstoyan dream, would want very little to make them break away. It is intellectually impossible, as the examples I have given will show, to compose any intelligible formula that will cover both conceptions; and they cannot for ever take refuge in being unintelligible. Their division is both real and deep. In short, what has not happened to the army that is

fighting in the field is exactly what has happened to this army that has been fighting in the air. The Pacifist line is pierced. There has been a real break through, rolling up two separate sections like separate armies; and a stream of new public opinion, which they cannot stop, is pouring through the gap. The one thing to be done now is to see that we do not suffer from the brutal irony of a bad synchrony—that we do not find we have won our moral victory too late to avert our military defeat.

In all these cases, and many others, the same tragic farce was enacted; the truth was always discovered too late. And we have, of course, seen that same tragic farce enacted in the last few months before our own eyes. The Russian opened his arms to embrace the penitent and peaceful Prussian; and it was only afterwards that he discovered which of the two animals it is that really embraces like a bear. The Prussian is well known to be a methodical and orderly person; and he shows his ticket-of-leave to the policeman every time he plans a new murder. Precisely why his passport or permit has always hitherto been accepted is what the late Mr. Andrew Lang might call a historical mystery. Anyhow, it is certain that the passport is always found to be an accomplished fake, just after its use is an accomplished fact. But the longest run of the most successful criminal comes to an end.

I believe the career of this criminal will now come to an end; and I think by this time everybody believes that it ought to come to an end.

Now, in the light of these familiar facts, we shall not find it hard to choose the peace-maker's path for him, since he is now too bewildered to choose for himself. We shall not find it hard to settle whether he ought to narrow his mind to Belgium, as he thinks on Monday, or widen his mind to the whole world, as he inclines to think on Tuesday. He must emphatically widen his mind, difficult as the task may be. In other words, every sane man must know enough of the Prussian game by this time to know that, if he does not save everything, he cannot save anything. Without insanity and suicide, we cannot say that Russia is no business of ours, or that Poland is no business of ours, as we said that Denmark was no business of ours; or that France was no business of ours. To do so is to give special permission for a process going further, when it has already gone much too far—the process by which Prussia has weakened her rivals separately, and destroyed her victims one by one. I see that Lord Courtney of Penwith has been asking whether we should have gone to war with Germany if she had done no more than conquer and oppress Russia. I think it only too probable that we should not

have done so; but surely no man in his wits can now doubt that we ought to have done so. I think it only too probable that we should have stood aside while our enemy seized all the resources of the East for his future wars, just as we stood aside while he gained the grip on Poland that gave him the gates of Warsaw, or gained the minerals of Lorraine with which he now menaces Paris. In short, I think it quite likely that England might have played the fool then, pretty much as Lord Courtney wants her to play the fool now. But I do not believe she will play the fool now. England is now in the heart of Europe, heroically bearing the heaviest shock of the European war. And I think that even the Internationalist will have to begin to admit that Europe exists. It is a severe strain for the cosmopolitan to concede the existence of other countries, or for the humanitarian to embrace the interests of humanity. But, perhaps, with an effort of imagination, it might be done.



"FOR FREEDOM AND HONOUR": THE WINNING DESIGN FOR THE MEMORIAL PLAQUE TO COMMEMORATE THOSE FALLEN IN THE WAR.

A bronze memorial plaque, together with an inscribed scroll, is to be given to the next-of-kin of all members of the King's forces who have fallen in the war. The design accepted, out of over 800 submitted in the competition, is by Mr. E. Carter Preston ("Pyramus"), of the Sandon Studios Society, Liberty Buildings, Liverpool, who has been awarded £250. His design is here reproduced. The name of the person commemorated will be inscribed on the raised tablet in the plaque.—[Official Photograph.]

ought never to have been allowed. He was suffered to split up Poland with his sword on the supposition that the Pole would soon forget his flag. The Pole has never forgotten it; but the Prussian had been suffered to steal it. He was allowed to attack the Danish crown and take away the Danish provinces, on the assumption that he was the mere representative of the German States and the Austrian Empire. He trampled on the German States and attacked the Austrian Empire; but he had been allowed to take the Danish provinces, and he was allowed to keep them. He was permitted to take the French provinces on a pedantic plea that they were German provinces, that they would be at rest under German rule, and that it was natural that he should rule them. He has shown himself conspicuously unable to rule them, or to rule anything like them; but he had been allowed to take them. It only became plain that he had not the power to govern when he had finally gained the power to misgovern.

THE GREAT BATTLE: SUPPORTS; AND MEN RELIEVED AFTER ACTION.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



BY THE BANKS OF THE SOMME, WITHIN SIGHT OF THE FIGHTING: WATCHING EVENTS TAKING PLACE FAR OFF ACROSS THE RIVER.



TEMPORARILY WITHDRAWN FROM THE BATTLEFIELD AFTER HARD FIGHTING, FOR A SHORT REST ON RELIEF: A CHEERFUL DETACHMENT.



OUR STEADY AND CONTINUOUS STREAM OF INFANTRY REINFORCEMENTS AND SUPPORTS: A COLUMN OF PACKED MOTOR-LORRIES BRINGING UP FRESH MEN.



THE "GARB OF OLD GAUL" EN ROUTE FOR THE FRAY: A BATTALION OF A HIGHLAND DIVISION MARCHING TO JOIN THE SUPPORTING TROOPS.



NOT YET WITHIN THE AREA FOR PUTTING ON SHRAPNEL HELMETS: A SUPPORT BATTALION OF LINESMEN ON THE LINE OF MARCH.

"I visited some of the troops engaged, and everywhere the rearrangement of our front and movement of equipment was being carried out in perfect order, and with not the slightest sign of hurriedness." So a correspondent of the "Morning Post" at the Front wrote on the fifth day of the great battle. Said a "Times" correspondent: "History, I believe, when all is known, will be amazed at what British troops have done in the last five days. I have yet to hear of a unit which has not borne itself bravely, or to hear an officer speak in terms other than those of the utmost gratitude and admiration

of his men. The mere physical strain has been enormous, but men come out of the line clinging to the last to the one definite notion that their business is to go on fighting and kill Germans." Again, the same correspondent speaks of "the stubborn gallantry of all the troops engaged. There has been no moment when they were not being pressed upon by an immensely superior enemy, but they have yielded no yard of ground except under an overwhelming weight of odds, and the losses of the Germans . . . must have been truly tragical."

THE GREAT BATTLE: "WE HAVE TAKEN PRISONERS ALSO."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN IN THE GREAT BATTLE: A BRITISH OFFICER'S ACT OF COURTESY.



CAPTOR AND CAPTIVE LOOK HARD AT EACH OTHER: "TOMMY" HANDS "FRITZ" HIS WATER-BOTTLE.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE DETENTION-CAGES: GERMAN PRISONERS ON THE MARCH UNDER BRITISH GUARD.



APPARENTLY GLAD TO BE IN GOOD HANDS: SOME OF THE GERMAN PRISONERS—THEIR BRITISH GUARDS BEHIND.



IN UNIFORMS LOOKING BY NO MEANS NEW: GERMAN PRISONERS—SOME FACIAL TYPES.



WITH A BRITISH SOLDIER (ON THE LEFT) IN CHARGE: ANOTHER GROUP OF GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN IN THE BATTLE.

It is not only the enemy who have taken prisoners in the great battle. "The Germans," writes Mr. Perry Robinson, the war correspondent, "had boasted that the weight of their initial attack would carry them through this zone into open warfare beyond. We have taken on prisoners maps showing the objectives of the various divisions, and compared with what those divisions have actually done, those objectives are ludicrous. I saw some bunches of prisoners. It is said that the whole German attacking force

had been equipped with new uniforms for the attack, so that they would need no re-fitting till they got to Paris, or London, or somewhere. But you would never have supposed these prisoners' uniforms to have been new a few days ago; and one spoke in bitter dejection of the prospect that had been held out to him of an easy break-through in the rear of the gas-attack, before which the British divisions were to have melted away. . . . We on our part have taken prisoners also."

THE GREAT BATTLE: WOUNDED BRITISH AND GERMANS BROUGHT IN.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 2, 3, AND 5, OFFICIAL; NO. 4, FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



ON ONE OF THE MAIN RAILWAYS IN NORTHERN FRANCE: ENTRAINING GERMAN WOUNDED FOR A BASE HOSPITAL AT A RED CROSS COLLECTING-STATION



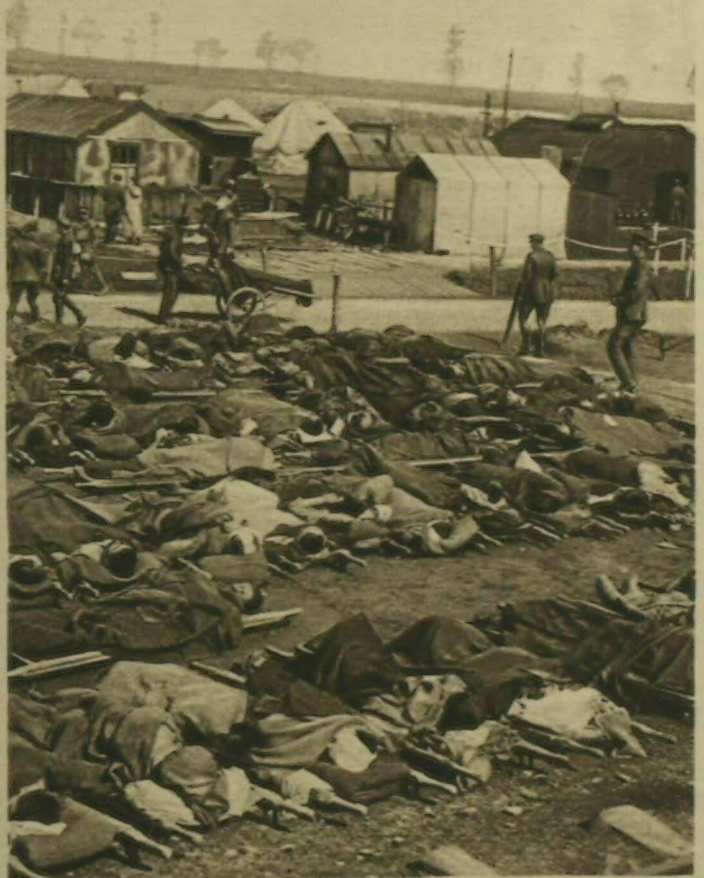
BY ROAD, AFTER BEING ATTENDED TO IN A FIELD HOSPITAL: SLIGHTLY WOUNDED AND "WALKING WOUNDED" CASES GETTING A LIFT.



ON THE EDGE OF THE BATTLEFIELD DURING ACTION: WOUNDED BEING BORNE TO AN UNDERGROUND ADVANCED DRESSING-STATION.



BACK IN "BLIGHTY" ONCE AGAIN: CHEERFUL AND SMILING WOUNDED MOTORING FROM A LONDON TERMINUS TO THEIR HOSPITAL.



AS BROUGHT IN BY STRETCHER-BEARERS FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE: BRITISH AND GERMAN WOUNDED AWAITING THEIR TURN AT A RED CROSS FIELD HOSPITAL.

In the nature of things, there can be little proportion between the losses of the enemy and our losses, heavy as these, of course, have to be. Owing to the nature of the conflict, the necessity of the enemy, as the assailants, to advance more or less exposed, and, above all, to the German mass-formation tactics, the toll exacted by us from the Ludendorff legions has been, from the outset of the German offensive, excessive and costly to a degree, out of all comparison with the results obtained. Not a few of the German wounded fell

on ground at places where British local counter-attacks beat back the enemy onrushes and left prisoners in our hands. As fast as the wounded could be picked up, they were removed to dressing-stations in rear, and thence, according to the nature of their wounds, transferred to the larger R.A.M.C. and Red Cross establishments further back, by rail or road, as might be. No difference in priority of selection between British and German wounded is ever made by our stretcher-bearers, whatever the stress of the moment. It has been so throughout the war.

THE GREAT BATTLE: BRITISH GUNS IN ACTION AND MOVING UP.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



MOVING UP IN SUPPORT, ALONG A ROAD NEAR THE FRONT: ONE OF THE BRITISH HEAVY GUNS.



MAN-HAULING A GUN INTO ITS POSITION: ONE PHASE OF THE WORK OF BRITISH ARTILLERYMEN.



WITH ITS BARREL HEAVILY DRAPED BY WAY OF CAMOUFLAGE: ONE OF THE BRITISH ARTILLERY'S HEAVIER PIECES GOING FORWARD TO A NEW POSITION.



PREPARING FOR ACTION: BRITISH ARTILLERYMEN GETTING THEIR GUNS INTO POSITION AT THE FRONT.

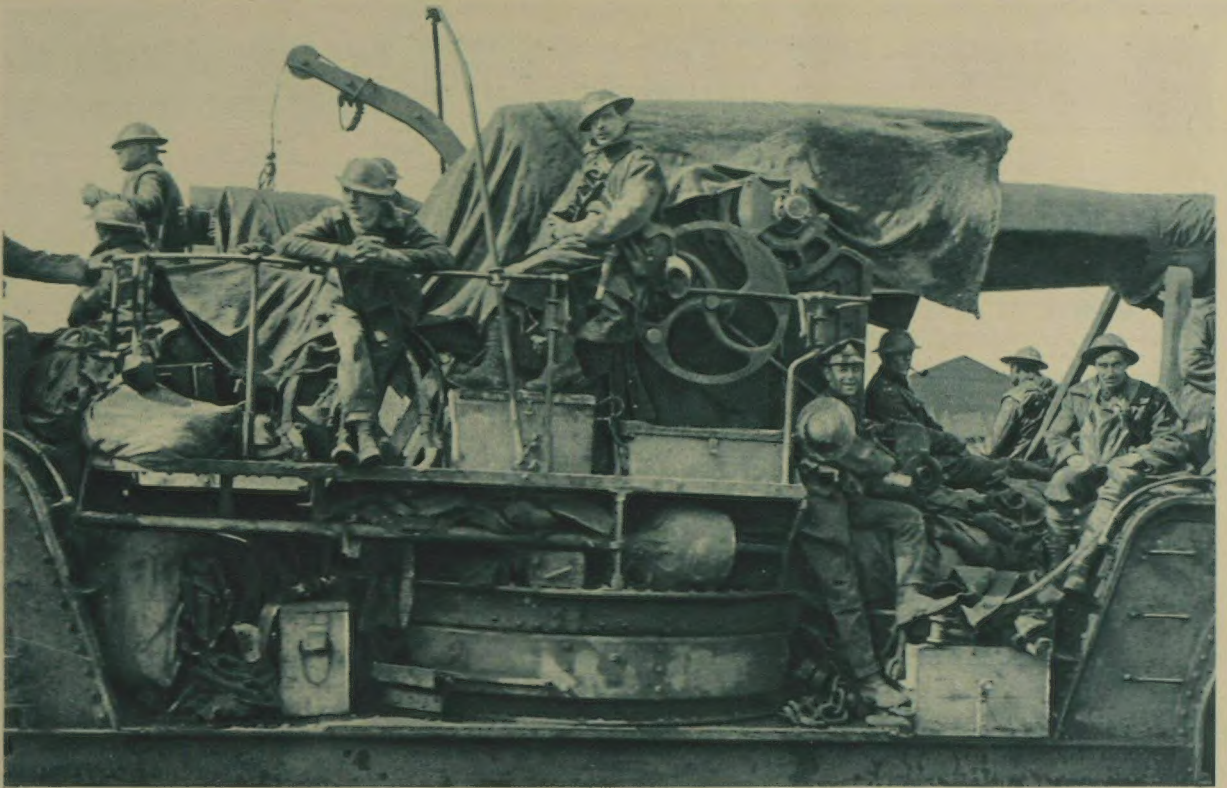


COMING INTO ACTION: LOADING A BRITISH GUN—RAMMING THE SHELL INTO THE BREECH.

In the great battle raging on the British front, our artillery—both heavy guns and field guns—has been constantly engaged, and has done enormous execution in the enemy's ranks. The gunners toil incessantly, and have shown splendid courage and endurance. One instance of their activities is thus described by Mr. Philip Gibbs: "Batteries I saw about the red-brick ruins of Albert," he writes, "caught the enemy in the open, and tore gaps in his ranks, and our men poured rifle-fire at his advancing waves as they came

over the slopes. During the night all our heavy guns in position flung high-explosives over those Somme battlefields whose earth has been more mauled by gun-fire than any ground in the world of war. The enemy's massed troops were here without shelter or cover of any kind, stretched on the earth and sleeping, if they could, in a tearing cold wind. This bombardment of ours must have kept them awake unless they were drunk with sleep, and many men must have been killed as they lay under the high white moon."

THE GREAT BATTLE: BRITISH ARTILLERY MOVING UP IN SUPPORT.



ON THEIR WAY TO REPEL THE GREAT GERMAN OFFENSIVE: SUPPORTING BRITISH ARTILLERYMEN WITH A HEAVY GUN.



MISSILES OF GREAT EFFECT IN CHECKING THE ENEMY'S ONSLAUGHT: BIG SHELLS FOR HEAVY BRITISH GUNS GOING TO THE FRONT.

Our heavy artillery has done invaluable work in withstanding the great German offensive, although so far little has been said of its achievements in accounts of the great battle. Its part in the heroic defence seems to have been taken for granted, and is referred to incidentally in such phrases as—"The guns, of course, never cease." A more extended allusion, however, was made by Mr. Philip Gibbs, who writes: "I gather from all accounts that yesterday (March 25) was a supreme time for our gunners. The

Germans, attacking along the whole line from north of Ervilliers to where we are in contact with the French, were held up nearly everywhere by the ceaseless intensity of our artillery fire." Mr. Lloyd George said in his message of thanks to the Army, sent to Sir Douglas Haig, on behalf of the Cabinet: "The guns and machine-guns required to make good those lost are either now in France, or already on their way, and still further reinforcements of men and guns are ready to be thrown into the battle."

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT.

THE AERIAL CIRCUS: ITS ORIGIN, ORGANISATION, AND OPERATION.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

QUITE one of the most interesting developments of aerial warfare has been the adoption by practically all the belligerent forces of the class of fighting formation which is familiarly known as the "circus." The word is now, perhaps, somewhat loosely applied to any crack fighting squadron which is moved from place to place to support a weak spot in the line, or to oppose any strong offensive in the air on the part of the enemy; but in its inception, as applied to the original German circuses, it was a peculiarly apt epithet.

Very early indeed in the war certain particularly able pilots, who also possessed the knack of commanding men, acquired a reputation for their squadrons. For example, the French *escadrille* which bears the badge of the Stork—and has included from time to time such notable Hun-killers as Roland Garros (lately escaped from Germany), Nungesser, Guynemer, Navarre, Pégoud, and others of almost equal achievement—was regarded as the crack French squadron as early as 1915, and has held a high reputation ever since.

Quite early in the war also, a band of young American sportsmen came over to France and joined the French Service d'Aviation Militaire. They were taught to fly by the French, and were ultimately formed into the *Escadrille Américaine*. But they soon became famous as the Lafayette *escadrille*, the name of the famous general having been adopted by them as a compliment to France in memory of the excellent service done by General Lafayette for the American Republic in its War of Independence against Great Britain. These young Americans became very skilful fighting pilots, and acquired numerous Croix de Guerre and Légions d'Honneur. The squadron did excellent work until America came into the war, when the various Lafayette pilots joined the American Army and took over the work of instructing the new American Flying Service in the art and science of air fighting.

In 1915 the Germans introduced the Fokker monoplane, a badly made edition of the French Morane, but fitted with an excellent engine, the Oberursel, a copy of the French Gnome. The first German star pilot to make a name on this machine was Lieutenant Immelmann. Very soon afterwards, Lieutenant Böcke began to acquire an equally high reputation as a fighter. They and other clever pilots on the fast and light Fokkers did considerable execution among the slower French and British machines. Immelmann was killed, after some few months of a victorious career, by a British fighting pilot; but Böcke survived for about a year longer.

Böcke got together a select band of picked fighting men, and formed the first mobile squadron on the lines of what is now called a "circus." The squadron was entirely self-contained, and was independent of any command except that of the Army Commander with whom it was co-operating. The Böcke "chaser squadron"—or *Jagdstaffel*, as the Germans call this class of formation—adopted a new form of operation. Instead of each pilot going out on a lone-hand raid to try and bring down individual enemies, the formation worked as a unit, patrolling the sky till it found several enemy machines together and then attacking them *en masse*. Also it was not above attacking single British and French machines, which naturally stood no chance against ten or a dozen enemy aeroplanes attacking at once.

The success of the Böcke squadron induced the Germans to create more formations of a similar nature. The first of these offshoots was formed by Rittmeister (Cavalry Captain) Baron von Richthofen, one of the best men serving with Böcke,

who by that time had been promoted to Captain and given the *Ordre pour le Mérite*. The Richthofen squadron soon became more skilful than the Böcke squadron, and, when the Germans introduced the little Albatros single-seater biplanes with the 160-h.p. Mercédès engines, it became very dangerous indeed.

This squadron came out about the end of 1916. Its pilots flew like aerial acrobats, and for some reason best



BIRMINGHAM'S MUNITION-WORKS VISITED BY PRESSMEN:
WOMEN SEWING THE COVERING ON THE WING OF A
LARGE AEROPLANE.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

known to themselves they painted their machines with the most garish colours. Von Richthofen himself flew a machine painted a brilliant pillar-box red—hence his calling his book of reminiscences "The Red War-Flyer."

Some of his pilots painted their machines with blue bodies, green wings, and yellow noses. Others had

remarked, it was a charity to shoot one of the beasts down—they spoiled the sky.

The squadron, being self-contained, used to move about from place to place, wherever British or French (but generally British) aeroplanes were operating in the greatest numbers. It used to pitch its camp in the nearest convenient aerodrome, and make a couple of patrol flights a day so long as it stopped there. Sometimes it would stop for several weeks; sometimes for a few days only.

When one considers the habits of the squadron—its acrobatic flying, its harlequin colouring, its custom of moving from pitch to pitch and giving its regular two shows a day—it followed logically that our humourists of the Royal Flying Corps were simply forced to christen it "Von Richthofen's Travelling Circus," just as, in the South African War, General Settle's "flying column" (about the biggest of the mobile forces of the period—its travelling speed was about two miles an hour) was known throughout the Army, because of its immense tail of transport wagons and because of its advanced guard of acrobatic mounted scouts, as "Settle's Imperial Circus."

Anyhow, that is how the word "circus" came to be applied to specially organised chaser squadrons, though in these days the term is somewhat loosely applied. To-day any crack squadron mounted on exceptionally fast aeroplanes, and operating under a particularly gallant and skilful leader, is commonly called a circus, though it may be operating from a fixed base and may only be called upon to move under exactly the same conditions as any other squadron, whether it be a reconnaissance or bombing squadron.

One does not hear much of our British circuses. In fact, one hears practically nothing of them, except in the way of gossip among the R.F.C. people themselves. Some people clamour from time to time for the publication of the names of our start-up aviators, so that they may be hailed as national heroes, just as the Germans hail their Immelmanns and Böckes and von Richthofens. The reasons for abstaining from thus turning the limelight on our flying officers are many, and the reasons in favour of doing so are few. The only reason in favour is that the curiosity of a section of the public may be gratified. The officers themselves are entirely against publicity. They are quite content that their names should appear in the *Gazette* along with those of their peers in the infantry and other arms. The inborn modesty of the British officer and gentleman causes

to each one an acute dislike of seeing his portrait appear in the cheaper papers alongside that of the latest stage star or of the latest popular criminal.

Apart from this inherent dislike of individual publicity, it is bad policy to make a star of an individual. The death of Immelmann or of Böcke caused more depression in the German Air Service than was counter-balanced by the elation due to their prowess. When they were brought down by British fighting pilots, the less skilful pilots immediately asked themselves, "If such flyers are killed, what chance have we of surviving?" Böcke, as a matter of fact, was killed in collision with another German aeroplane; but the collision was caused by the attack of a British fighting formation, so the moral effect was the same.

The policy of the High Command has always been to maintain a high state of moral in the R.F.C., and to have no stars. Thus, all the victories of the British circuses are the victories of the whole Corps; and the deaths of the crack pilots do not cause depression, but merely a desire to make the enemy pay for their loss. The justification of this policy is the mastery of the air held to-day by British aviators at the birth of the Royal Air Force.



WHERE ORDINARY BUSINESS HAS BEEN SUSPENDED FOR WAR PRODUCTION: WOMEN MAKING RIBS
OF AEROPLANE-WINGS AT A LARGE BIRMINGHAM FACTORY.

This photograph was taken at a factory which has recently added aeroplane-building to its other activities, including the production of carriages, wagons, and timbers for guns, pontoons, parts of Tanks, and shells.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

black-and-yellow striped bodies, sky-blue wings, and red noses. In fact, when the squadron came out in force it looked like a harlequinade, or the fancy-ball scene in a musical comedy. As one of our own pilots

said, but merely a desire to make the enemy pay for their loss. The justification of this policy is the mastery of the air held to-day by British aviators at the birth of the Royal Air Force.

WAR-TIME SALVAGE AT SEA: A DESTROYER AND SEAPLANE AT WORK.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARCE, R.O.I., FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



SUMMONED BY WIRELESS FROM THE SEAPLANE: A PATROLLING DESTROYER SALVING THE ENVELOPE
AND OBSERVER'S BASKET OF A FALLEN KITE-BALLOON.

One of the emergency duties which fall to the lot of patrolling vessels at sea, salvage and rescue-work, is shown in the above illustration, which also, incidentally, shows another phase of sea service in war. The episode was the result of seaplane scouting and wireless telegraphy. What happened was this. One of our patrol destroyers, while on a cruise recently, received a message by wireless from one of our seaplanes that the pilot had come upon the wreckage of a kite-balloon. Kite-balloons, as we have many times shown in these pages, from official photographs, are much used for coastwise reconnoitring, and

the spotting of U-boats, lying low during the daytime under water on a sandbank, or lurking stealthily near trade routes or off harbour entrances and exits. In the present instance, on getting the wireless message with details of position from the seaplane, the destroyer proceeded to the place where she is shown hauling in the wreckage of the kite-balloon envelope, while her boat salvages the observer's basket. The seaplane is cruising overhead in case the kite-balloon observers are afloat anywhere near.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A TANK ON A TESTING-HILL: DESCENDING A STEEP SLOPE DURING AN EXHIBITION OF HILL-CLIMBING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



WHERE TANKS ARE BUILT IN BATTALIONS: A NEW "LAND-SHIP" COMING DOWN A TESTING-HILL AT BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham has devoted itself wholeheartedly to the production of munitions and war material of every sort. Among many other things, the "Hardware Village" now builds Tanks, and some of these monsters were recently put through their paces for the benefit of a special party of journalists who visited the city. The "Times" correspondent writes: "We have been shown Tanks in course of construction—not one at a time, but by whole battalions. We have seen them climb steep and irregular mounds and slither

down as though that were their favourite exercise. Some of us have ridden in one at such gambols." The Tank seen in our drawing is coming down a gradient of about 1 in 3 or 4. Two of the occupants are on top, though more usually they travel inside. Our Artist had taken up his position near the mound on the left, in order to get a good view of them thus making the descent. The rest of the Press party are seen watching on the right in the illustration.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada)

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY



RITES WHICH PRECEDED PROPHECY: DRUIDS OFFERING HUMAN SACRIFICES



MAKING A COVENANT WITH SATAN: NIGERELLA ENGAGED IN CALLING FOR THE DEATH OF THE FUR-BOY.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

FLOWERS AND FOOD-PRODUCTION.

THE desperate need which now besets us to produce food of every description has induced thousands to take up gardening in grim earnest, despite the fact that the venture must be made with no previous experience to draw upon. Probably most of such beginners will imagine that flowers of any description must be absolutely ruled out of court, especially where the garden is a small one. Nevertheless, the stern resolve to eliminate flowers would be to commit a very serious mistake.

Quite apart from the joyousness they inspire, flowers, if carefully selected, may prove the guardian angels of the crops which are apparently so much more precious, inasmuch as they will provide food for some of the gardeners' most persistent enemies in the form of insect pests. America loses every year something like £100,000,000 from damage caused by insects to growing crops. Experts estimate that, on an average, about one-tenth of our crops is destroyed by insect pests of one kind or another; and this levy we must curtail, if we cannot entirely prevent it. There must be clumps, then, of poppies, thyme and mint, asters, and ox-eye daisies, for the hover-flies; and sweet alyssum, borage, and mignonette, for example, for the bees—which are to be tempted, even if a hive or two cannot be kept, for they are the great fertilisers.

The hover-fly, to the uninitiated, looks rather like a small, dull-coloured wasp, and from this likeness is generally treated with respect. It also has a habit of hovering almost motionless in mid-air, in front of its favourite flowers, preparatory to taking a sip of nectar. At this, the adult stage, it has ceased to be directly useful to the gardener, yet it is to be encouraged for the sake of the larvæ to which it will presently give rise. These are small, green grubs about three-quarters of an inch long. Some are rather handsome, being of bright green with a white stripe down the back; others, of a different species, are of a sober greyish-brown; but they can all readily be distinguished by their habit of thrusting out the forepart of the body and swaying from side to side as

they go, as if in search of something. That something is the larvæ of the aphid, or "green-fly," one of the gardener's deadly enemies. On these the young hover-fly feeds ravenously, disposing of one adult aphid every two minutes during the ten days of its larval life. Each victim, as it is seized, is torn from its foothold and held in mid-air while its juices are sucked dry, when the empty skin is thrown away and a fresh capture made. Where hover-flies are

however, that this was due to crowds of aphides, which were finally killed by frequent applications of soft-soap administered with a syringe. The violas of a friend of mine were similarly attacked, and it was long before the cause was discovered. I happened



PHOTOGRAPHY FROM A TANK IN MOTION: TESTING-HILLS SEEN THROUGH A TANK LOOP-HOLE DURING THE PRESS VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

plentiful, there will the aphid "blight" be banished—at least, in so far as the species infesting the stems of plants are concerned. But, as I found to my cost last year, there are some species of this pest which feed upon the roots of plants. My lettuces, for no apparent reason, suddenly began to fail. At last, to investigate matters, I pulled up one or two by the roots, which I found encrusted with what at first sight appeared to be a white fungus. A more careful scrutiny showed,

to be going the round of the garden, and was asked to inspect the plants, which were everywhere going to ruin. An examination of the roots solved the mystery.

But, happily, the aphid has yet another foe. This is the larva of the lady-bird. No description of the adult stage of this little beetle is needed, for even children know it at sight. In the larva or "grub" stage, however, probably few know it. At this period it is of a blackish colour, about a third of an inch long. The fact that it will only be found prowling about on aphid-infested twigs will, however, establish its identity. But the adult lady-bird also feeds upon aphides, so that the period of its usefulness to us is longer than that of the hover-fly.

The beautiful "lace-wing" fly is another enemy of the aphid, though only during its larval stage of growth, when it will dispose of thirty or more aphides within an hour. The adult cannot be mistaken for any other insect; its wonderful emerald-green body and the gauze-like wings have no counterpart among our native insects. The earwig and the wasp are both anathematised by the gardener, but both make some amends for the mischief they do by eating aphides. The former feeds its young upon them. Finally, small ichneumon-flies pierce the skins of aphides with their needle-like ovipositors, and within the body of the victim lay an egg. In course of time this hatches, giving rise to a grub which feeds upon the vitals of the aphid.

As a rule, flowers are allowed no place in the kitchen-garden. Were this rule changed, much might be done to lessen the mischief caused by this pest. But even in the flower-garden it is commonly a nuisance to be dispelled by the liberal use of soft-soap and a syringe. But for its numerous natural enemies, its ravages would be far more serious than they are.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



WOMEN PAINTING THE INTERIOR OF A NEW TANK: A BRANCH OF BIRMINGHAM'S MULTIFARIOUS WAR-ACTIVITY SEEN BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

LIKE A SCENE-PAINTER'S STUDIO: GIRLS PAINTING AEROPLANE-WINGS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



HELPING TO KEEP THE MASTERY OF THE AIR: GIRLS AT WORK PAINTING THE UNDER-SIDE OF A LARGE AEROPLANE-WING AT BIRMINGHAM.

Large numbers of new aeroplanes are being built in the factories of Birmingham, hundreds of which have given up their ordinary pre-war operations in order to produce munitions of all kinds. A great deal of the work is done by women and girls, especially in shell-making, where the feminine element among the employees is 80 or 90 per cent. Many, too, are engaged in aeroplane construction. Our artist made his sketch during a recent visit of Press representatives to Birmingham. In a setting that resembles a scene-painter's

studio, two girls clad in brown khaki trousers and tunics with white collars are seen painting white the under-side of a large aeroplane wing. The darker piece beyond it is the upper side, painted grey-green, of another wing. The under-sides are flat, and the upper sides slightly convex. The straight vertical lines are seams in the fabric. Many women are also employed in constructing the light wooden frames of the wings, and in stitching on the covering. (Drawing Copyrighted by the United States and Canada)

THE GODDESS IN THE CAR: A MODERN LEGEND OF COVENTRY.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



AN ELECTRA OF TO-DAY: A GIRL DRIVING AN OVERHEAD ELECTRIC CRANE IN A GREAT ORDNANCE FACTORY AT COVENTRY.

The women of Coventry are no less patriotic to-day than the legendary heroine of "the city's ancient legend" told by Tennyson in a famous poem, who gave proof of her public spirit in a very different manner. Nor are they less eager to take their share in avenging a great wrong than was Electra, a princess of old Greek mythology. Her modern counterpart drives electrical machinery, in many places where her brothers are toiling to make guns or munitions with which to overcome the common foe. Coventry, like Birmingham

and other industrial towns in the Midlands, is playing a great part in this work, and legions of women are putting all their heart into the cause, not only in gun-factories, but more especially in the building of aeroplanes and Tanks. A "Times" correspondent who, with other journalists, recently visited that great munition-producing district, tells of "the almost fierce energy with which tens of thousands of women and girls in the Midland war workshops are helping."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



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ON THE PALESTINE FRONT: A DRAMATIC FINALE TO AN AIR-FIGHT.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE MAENEN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



CAVALRY OF THE EARTH FINISH THE WORK OF CAVALRY OF THE AIR: GALLOPING IN TO CAPTURE AN ENEMY AIRMAN.
BRITISH CAVALRY CAPTURE THE ENEMY'S CRASHED PLANE.

A neat and dramatically complete piece of work, in which the honours were divided between our cavalry of the earth and our cavalry of the air—as airmen have been called—as shown in this illustration. The scene was on the Palestine front, at sunset one morning not long ago. An enemy airman was intercepted and brought to action by one of ours, the result of the duel being the "crashing" of the enemy plane. As has happened before in similar circumstances on the Palestine front, a cavalry patrol of ours,

out in the neighbourhood, on seeing the air battle, made for the locality where, if either airman came down, the machine would fall. They arrived as the enemy plane fell. The crash killed the observer, and the cavalry were in time to make the enemy pilot, who was unimpaired, put up his hands before he succeeded in setting fire to the wreckage of the aeroplane, as he tried to do. The victorious British plane is seen circling overhead. [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



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NEW NOVELS.

"The Crescent Moon."

One of the best books of the year has been "Marching on Tanga," and we are delighted to find Mr. Francis Brett Young making use of the same material for the setting of the story of "The Crescent Moon" (Secker). Those who know his work will not need to be told that he excels in reproducing the atmosphere of strange, far places, and that he, as Browning did, discerns "the old trick" with a poet's compassion and a poet's insight. "The Crescent Moon" purports modestly to be no more than a "shocker"; but if all novelists wrote shockers of its style and enchantment,

power, after all, when he won through the desert and saved Eva, and returned to keep his parole and go down to death alone; but Godovius flashes upon the eye and rings in the ear, as a German would wish to do. "The Crescent Moon" stands out as a novel of merit, even among Mr. Martin Secker's novels, with their distinctive airs and savour.

"Lady Mary's Money."

How John Henry Smith (a pseudonym) came to be heir to the Peerage of Walberswicke on the demise of one Lady Mary Walberswicke is a puzzle that even Burke, we fancy, would prefer not to try to answer. Mr. C. B. Burgin airily says it was due to "some complicated side

small boy, he had swallowed a live frog, and that the frog abode with him and monopolised more than his fair share of their mutual sustenance." The sentence is a good specimen of the author's manner, and it will be seen that sprightly is the word that fits him. "Lady Mary's Money" (Hutchinson) will, no doubt, be as popular as Mr. Burgin's other books.

"The Unguarded Hour."

The charming young woman on the cover of "The Unguarded Hour" (Cassell) gives promise of romantic alarms and excursions inside, and the promise finds ample fulfilment in Mr. A. W. Marchmont's exciting plot. Few lovers have as breathless a chase after the Well-Beloved as



"THE EMPIRE'S HONOUR": A PATRIOTIC PAGEANT AT THE WHITE CITY.

A remarkable and very effective Pageant was held at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's White City factory recently, under the auspices of the Sidcup Athletic Club, in aid of the Boy Scouts movement. The performance of "The Empire's Honour," written by the Hon. Mrs. Gill, was organised by Mrs. W. G. Speck, of Sidcup, Kent, and was entirely admirable, both in the patriotic and inspiring nature of its theme and the admirable acting, everyone carrying out their parts to perfection. The Pageant keenly interested the large throng of munition-workers for nearly three hours, and reflected the greatest credit on Mrs. W. G. Speck and all who took part. Mr. A. M. Goldney, of Sidcup, arranged the orchestration of the piece, and the music was rendered with much artistic expression.

more serious writers would have to look to their laurels. It is a story of German East Africa, and incidentally a moving little study of a certain type of missionary—fanatical, foolish, ignorant, and doomed to failure by reason of an excess of sincerity and zeal. Of such stuff are martyrs made, and James was possibly almost an exact replica of some of the early Christian martyrs. Another type, in which also we cannot but be struck by the truth, is Godovius, the German planter, the man who was a super-man in the drive of his personality. The one-armed hunter, M'Crae, was a finer embodiment of human

issue known only to lawyers," and leaves it at that. Perhaps Lady Mary was actually a Countess of Walberswicke in her own right, and was self-styled Lady Mary—she was a masterful and eccentric old lady. In any case, she and her title, and her heir, are all taken in his stride by Mr. Burgin, who is before all things a sprightly—not to say dashing—writer. He can be honey-sweet and sentimental, and he can be funny—oh, as funny as the ladies please. Thus: "The Rev. Hardicanute Dix, in spite of his appetite, was thin and very dark. A legend still obtained among his contemporaries that, when a

Frank Carton, whose "clear blue eye" first lighted on the beautiful maiden of the cover during a tour through the Trossachs. He was destined to pursue her in and out of a London gambling-den, in the gilded quarter of Grosvenor Square, and through adventures as many as they were marvellous. In a book of this kind no experienced reader fears for a moment to be let down with an unhappy ending, and, with such a conviction firmly seated, he can face any number of separations and misunderstandings. Mr. Marchmont knows how to keep the pace going smartly. "The Unguarded Hour" is a lively light novel.

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Sclerosis,
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PREMATURE OLD AGE.

PROF. FLEURY (of the Paris Faculty of Medicine) in the course of a communication to his colleagues described some of the symptoms of premature old age, viz.: dyspepsia, constipation, lassitude, insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day, numbness at the back of the neck, headache, cramp, obesity, heart trouble, sudden rise followed by rapid fall of temperature, kidney trouble, loss of memory, lack of determination in action and general want of tone, &c.

He stated that close investigation of such cases had shown that in 165 out of 201 (i.e., 82%) there was a marked excess of uric acid, this being quite sufficient to cause a man to look prematurely aged. Nevertheless it is consoling to know that this mischievous body poison can be easily and rapidly dissolved and eliminated by the powerful uric acid solvent called URODONAL.

The regular use of URODONAL induces the thorough elimination of uric acid, cleanses the kidneys, and removes impurities. It is for those who avail themselves of its benefits, the dawn of a period of renewed, triumphant and happy youth which is reflected in the bottle of URODONAL as in a magic mirror. Have confidence in URODONAL, and you will quickly reap your reward.

DR. DAURIAN,
of the Paris Medical Faculty.



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Relieves Haemorrhoids, Prevents Obesity.

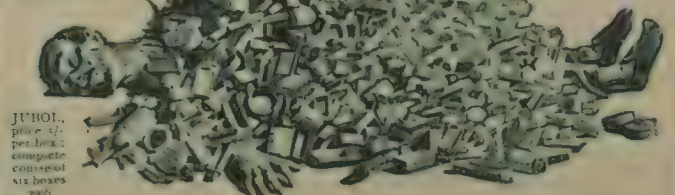
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DR. JEAN SALOMON, Paris Medical Faculty.

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If only everyone would read Miss Wright's report below there would be no more grumbling about the unaccustomed flour we are getting now-a-days—it is highly nourishing, and, as Miss Wright says, with Goodall's Egg Powder you can easily tame it into good behaviour—and save ⅓ of the cost of eggs into the bargain. Instead of using the 2 or 3 eggs your recipe probably called for, just



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Member of the
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of Women's
Institution
We'll, No. 8, 1/2
know, 1/2
Experts, 1/2

use *one* (or even omit eggs entirely) and a 1½d. packet of Goodall's Egg Powder. You will then get cakes practically as light and tempting and delicious as your pre-war ones—at practically pre-war cost. Cookery Schools and up-to-date homes all over the Kingdom are using Goodall's Egg Powder generously. Why not begin to do the same, and begin to save *your* money?

Miss Wright reports: "With the present war-time flour it is often a problem to produce light and delicious pastry, but Goodall's Egg Powder completely solves the difficulty . . . its great advantage over other Egg substitutes is that it contains a minimum of baking Powder, the consequence being that cakes, etc., made with it retain all their richness instead of being dry and tasteless. Analysis also shows that Goodall's Egg Powder contains valuable albumens and phosphates."

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LADIES' PAGE.

I AM sure we shall all be interested to know that General Ashmore, the officer responsible for the Air Defences of London, agrees with the view expressed in this column a few weeks ago: that the remarkable coolness and courage which our British women display during the enemy's bomb-dropping raids on civilian homes is sure to be a real disappointment to those—well, those Germans! General Ashmore says that he believes in annoying the Hun, and that nothing can annoy or discourage the 'stout hearts' of the German Flying Corps more than to know that the much-sought-after 'moral effect' is a negative quantity." Not a day passes without adding its stone to the cairn of commemoration of our London women's courage. Here is one of the directors of the Coliseum describing how Miss Ellen Terry was reciting Shakespear at that theatre when the bombs and the guns were roaring outside, and neither the speaker's voice nor the interest and attention of the audience flagged for a moment. Then comes a homely poetic effort celebrating the ladies' orchestra at another house of entertainment under similar circumstance.

Calmly the girls still play;
Who would not wish to stay
When they thus show the
way?
Here's to their pluck and grit,
Playing whilst heaven's spit;
Fear? Not a tiny bit!
British girls all!

And so runs on the excellent record! But what is in the souls of the brave, calm women? Not once, nor twice, nor thrice, have I heard the same quiet answer made by a girl when complimented on having shown courage; it was to this effect: "But I think of what the boys are bearing out there! It would be a pity if I could not endure for a little while what they are standing all the time!" So, indeed, does any greatness in either sex stimulate and encourage the other. When Jeanne d'Arc was asked at her trial by what "witchcraft" she had made her troops perform such valorous deeds, she replied simply, "I called to them to come on, and then I went on myself!" So let the brave men fighting for us all the world over know that they help us to be brave, we home women, by their splendid example. London is, in fact, quite as full as it usually is at this season; charity matinees and other functions almost daily reveal the continued residence of society women in the Metropolis. Her Majesty sets a noble example, for she is constantly about, and always has at her side her only daughter. It is unfashionable now for a woman to be cowardly.

Two hospitals for women have been amongst the recent claimants for royal help and public support. The Queen, looking handsome in black, with skunk furs, and a red velvet toque with a wreath of shaded red flowers, attended a matinee for the benefit of the Chelsea Hospital for Women. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was present at an influential meeting held at the New Hospital

for Women in Euston Road (which has women doctors and students only) to promote the raising of an endowment fund for the institution as a memorial of the late Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson. She was not the first woman to enter on medical practice in London; that distinction belongs to Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who was by birth an Englishwoman, but was educated and took her degree in the United States. Dr. Garrett Anderson was, however, the first woman to obtain a British medical degree; it was only the Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company, but it sufficed to admit her to the Medical Register, and she opened a free dispensary for women, which in course of time was absorbed into the New Hospital for Women. Queen Alexandra, as Princess of Wales, laid the foundation-stone of the present building in Euston Road in 1889. It is hoped now to endow fifty beds in memory of Mrs. Anderson, and several large girls' schools and certain sections of women are undertaking each to raise the funds for one bed. The Queen's College bed is already fully subscribed for by the ex-pupils of that college; and the Domestic Servants' bed, the Theatrical Ladies' bed, and others are well under way. Lady Hall, Treasurer, at the hospital, asks for subscriptions. The appeal booklet gives an interesting list of medical women connected as students or doctors with the hospital who are now serving with the Army. The Military Hospital in Endell Street, London, with 520 beds for wounded soldiers, is entirely staffed by women surgeons; and others are serving in recognised war hospitals in Malta, France, Belgium, and other Allied countries. FILOMENA.



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GIRL'S FROCK. Cut on simple lines, and made in best quality heavy-weight Silk Crêpe-de-Chine. Bodice daintily finished with buttons and skirt with tucks. In a good range of colours. For girls of 12 to 16 years.

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Warning: See the "raised bar" on each Pastille. None are genuine without this mark.



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"BYNOGEN" is rich in Milk Protein, the most powerful of all body-builders; in phosphorus, the nerve builder; and in malt products which supply energizing carbo-hydrates. All these are combined to form a perfect concentrated food alike for hard workers and growing children.



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This seeming paradox is true if your valet is the "Valet" AutoStrop Safety Razor. It is the only safety razor with a self-contained automatic stropping device, enabling you to renew the edge daily by just 10 seconds' stropping.

Besides saving blades, you gain in personal comfort, for the keen stropped blade of the

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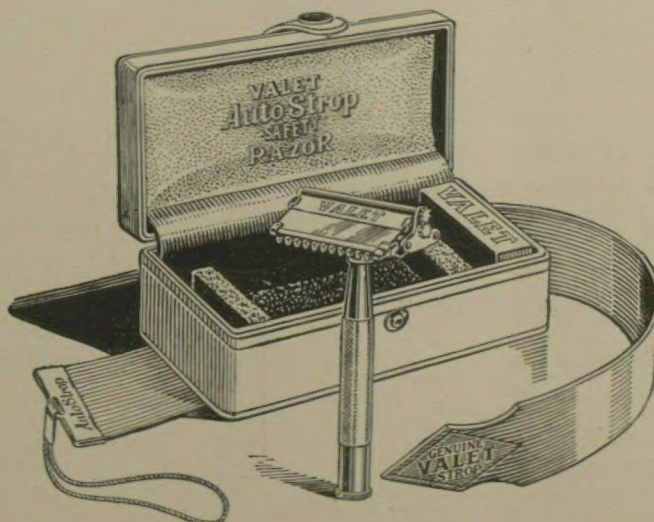
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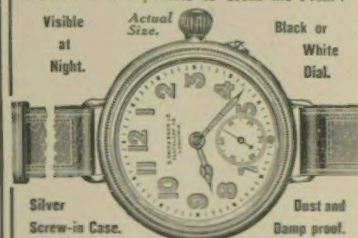
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Substitutes for Petrol.

A story came from France the other day to the effect that someone had discovered a process for obtaining a workable substitute for petrol from coal-oil. According to certain of our own newspapers, which took up the idea



TOURING IN BRAZIL: WITH A LANCHESTER CAR.

All keen motorists feel that the delights of touring are only postponed, and look forward to the resumption ere long of their pleasant habit. Our photograph shows a first-class Lanchester car in a palm avenue in Brazil. But it may be suggested that tours just as interesting are available in our own country for the good days that are not far distant.

with avidity, the whole fuel situation was on the verge of revolution, and we should be for ever and a day completely independent of all overseas sources of motor-fuel supply. When the story was dissected down to its bare bones, there did not seem to be so much in it. So far as it was possible to discern through the mist of exaggerations with which the report was surrounded, all that appears to have happened is that somebody has taken out a patent for a new process of recovering the light spirits by the "cracking" of heavy oils. I need hardly say that there

is nothing at all new in this. When the war broke out there were quite a number of experimental plants running in England, all of them successfully recovering more or less fuel-spirit by "cracking" processes. Moreover, more than one of these processes looked very much like eventuating into really commercial propositions; but, of course, the outbreak of war completely stopped, for the time being, experiment along the lines indicated.

Certain of these experiments were, however, resumed some time ago at the instance of the Ministry of Munitions, and, I understand, with very satisfactory results. I am told that experiments in the carbonisation of canal coal have given results far in advance of the most sanguine anticipations of previous times in the matter of yield of ammonia and other by-products, which pay for material and working costs. Further, production on the system employed can be effected with ordinary gas-works plant, with but little alteration and addition. If all these things are as I am assured, then it is clear that we are well on the way to at least a partial solution of the problems besetting the home-produced fuel question. There is no lack of the raw material in these islands—the only thing is to speed matters up and get on with large-scale production without delay. It will pay us far better to develop these resources, which lie all ready to hand, than to waste time in boring for oil which may or may not be there. Not, of course, that we should neglect the possibility of the existence of a British oil-field, but we certainly ought not to allow production from all and every other source to wait on the results of experimental borings which will take months to sink and prove.

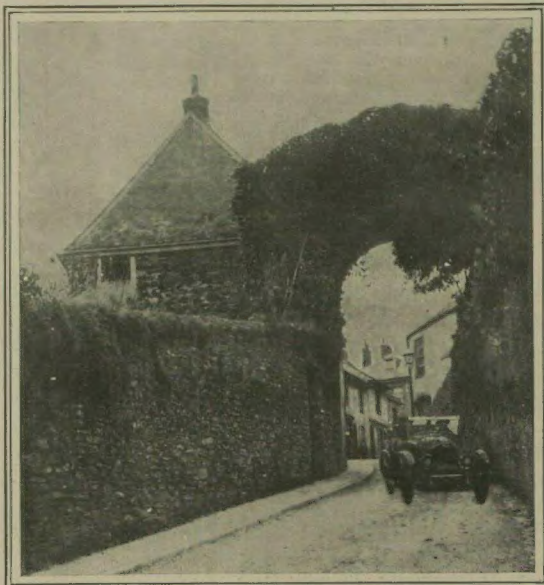
The Provincial Clubs and "Union."

I have been rather taken to task for my remarks anent the provincial clubs and the suggested "union" between the R.A.C. and the A.A. By some they seem to have been construed into an insidious attack on the clubs, though how that has come about, I am really at a loss to imagine. Indeed, I expressly disclaimed any intention of the sort. In any case, it seems to be quite premature to begin upon a discussion of details before we have the basic principles settled. First let us get those concerned to approve in principle of the idea of union, and we can then get down to the discussions of ways and means—and, incidentally, of such difficulties as the relations between the Club and its associated bodies. The only reason I mentioned the latter at all was because I am very

sanguine of the outcome of the suggestion for union; and as the subject seemed to me—and still seems—one of considerable difficulty, I thought it as well to put it forward so that, when the time comes, we shall not, so to say, be taken unawares.

So far, I have not heard a whisper of how the idea is regarded in the circles that matter. Nevertheless, I have an idea that it has not been received with an entire want of sympathy, for the reason that the sponsors have not received the usual *dementi* from either side, with which one has become so familiar in the past when important suggestions from outside failed to meet the approval of one side or the other. It would be a great thing, a wonderful thing, for British automobilism, if a real union of working forces between the two premier bodies could be consummated.

W. W.



A PICTURESQUE CONTRAST: YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

Our photograph shows a picturesque contrast—the ancient beauty of the Western Gateway of Totnes town, Devon, with a handsome, thoroughly up-to-date Crossley car passing beneath it. The incident tells its own story, and suggests the sort of scene which will again, ere long, gladden all motorists.

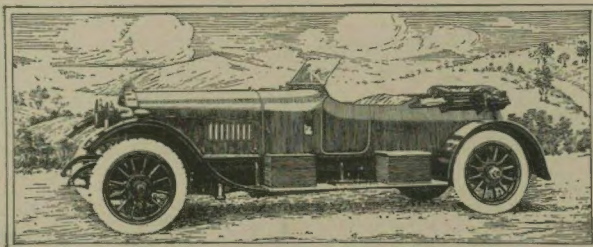


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to foretell the future. Many of them try, with what degree of success is known to themselves. But in this everyday world of facts, it is the *known*, and not the unknown, that counts. That is one of the reasons for the popularity of

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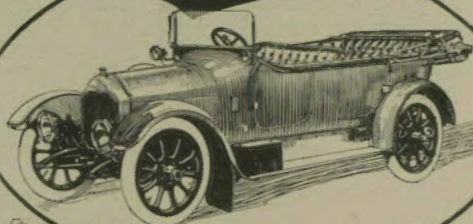


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—those who have risked their lives at the Front will find peace, comfort and sojourn once more in touring the country roads of England in a post-war HUMBER Car.

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Petrol Economy with the

CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTOR PROVED!

Read this extract from the "Commercial Motor," 8th March:

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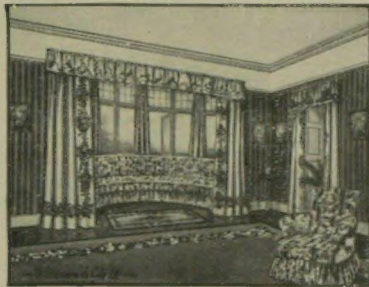
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. HALL CAINE'S "PRIME MINISTER,"
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EXPERIENCE has taught us to expect melodrama from Mr. Hall Caine as playwright, and there is room now as always for the solid, downright kind. Unfortunately, the Manx author is too apt to overload his scenes; never leaves anything to the imagination, and so surfeits us with sensations. Also he is not content to stand by the conventions of the popular play, and give us consistently strong-coloured characters—black or white, good or evil. Mr. Caine's piece, to be sure, has its moments—a Cabinet waiting reply to an ultimatum, a gang of "enemies in our midst" not acting more extravagantly than evidence seems to warrant, cross-examinations of the fickle heroine by the Premier, and finally the heroine's sacrifice of her life to save that of the Minister; but there is no real clash of ideals, no resolute conflict between opposing wills and types, and therefore no clean-cut effects. Margaret Schiller, for instance, passes quickly from vows of hate to humility; contrition, from pride in English feeling to a consent to assassination, from assisting in murder to martyrdom; and not all Miss Ethel Irving's magnetic charm and command of tears can make her more than picturesque or less than unconvincing. Similarly Mr. Hallard lends his rôle an air of notable distinction; but what are we to think of a Prime Minister credited with iron will who accepts an impostor into his household, gives her the key of his garden when she has broken her

word, and lets off a would-be assassin (and, presumably, spy associates also) for the girl's sake?

"BY PIGEON POST," AT THE GARRICK.

Unlike the Royalty war play, that at the Garrick is sound, consistent stuff of its kind. Here is a play of German spies working their dangerous game amongst French officers—a tale of plots and counter-plots, of maps and secret codes, of villainy momentarily successful and virtue under defeat simulating shell-shock and gaining the help of love; melodrama of the right sort. Mr. Arthur Wontner, so gallant and full of resource as the officer whose system of pigeon-post is threatened with ruin; Mr. A. E. George as the actor-spy who maintains his bravado even to the moment of execution; Miss Madge Titheradge, cast for the rôle of a girl-doctor heroine; Miss Dorothy Lane, delightful as a teasing minx, and Mr. C. V. France no less charming as the General this chaffreuse "cheeks" and cossets; not to mention Miss Kate Phillips, Mr. Hugh Buckler, and Mr. A. S. Homewood, all well employed—have good material on which to work. The odds seem all in favour of "Austin Page's" spy-drama.

"ROMANTICISMO," AT THE COMEDY.

Two treats were afforded the playgoers at the Comedy on a recent afternoon. One was a treat of declamation, for which English actors have been responsible, appearing in an Italian play. The other was the hearing of a live drama turning on one of the great problems of to-day's world-politics. Rovetta's story in

"Romanticismo" may be technically concerned with the famous "Risorgimento" movement of sixty years ago. But its theme of a free and united Italy makes an appeal to emotions that are as potent now as in the era of Garibaldi, and, by a happy chance, symbolises the effort of a great people in this earth-shaking war. So that behind all the really poignant interest of the playwright's actual play, another influence seems at work: behind the fate of its patriot heroes, Ansperti and Lamberti, we feel Italy of the present hour aspiring, protesting, struggling. But though circumstances have thus played into the hands of all concerned in the production, the piece has deserved its luck, and deserved to be known outside the country of its origin. It has been interpreted here both by an Italian and by an English company, and it is pleasing to be able to record that our English players, under Miss Edith Craig's direction, came with flying colours out of the ordeal of a play essentially rhetorical. Conspicuous among them were Mr. Cowley Wright, Mr. Martin Lewis, Mrs. Saba Raleigh, and Miss Ruth Bowser.

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